

AMONG DELIGHTFUL SCENES.

UP AND DOWN THE LOVELIEST AND STRANGEST OF RIVERS.

Scenes Upon and Along the Saguenay River — Leila J. Lindley's Pleasant Journey.

STEAMER UNION, SAGUENAY RIVER, Sept. 1, 1889.

Of late years the Saguenay river has come into prominence as a pleasure trip for the tourist who is fond alike of fishing and of scenery. The angler finds plenty of chance here to indulge in his favorite pastime, and ample opportunity to feast his eyes on the beauties of nature.

We left Montreal on the steamer Quebec, and after a night on the St. Lawrence were transferred to this steamer, which makes semi-weekly trips to Chicoutimi and back. The journey is forty-eight hours from Quebec, and you take up your board and lodging on the steamer for that length of time. Along the St. Lawrence, until you reach Tadoussac, the trip is not particularly interesting, as for hours you are passing by a continuous chain of mountains, and a very monotonous chain, too, no variety whatever. For sixty miles the steamer makes no stop. Then all of a sudden you look out, and she has landed at a lighthouse in the middle of the river. All the scenes staged for you wonder why such a landing is made. One lone man landed at this deserted spot, and we don't know how he ever reached the main land, unless some sailing vessel happened along or a chance rowboat.

Having started on our way we did not stop at any place until we reached "Murray Bay," one of the watering places of this section of the country. The first thing that attracted our attention was the difficulty the pilot seemed to have in landing the steamer. For half an hour or more we backed in and out, turned around and backed again; finally the boat went with a tremendous crash up against the wharf, tearing half the structure away and completely tearing in twain the guard poles that hung from the deck. Other than a good shaking up there seemed to be no harm done, so we went ashore to inspect MURRAY BAY.

Or as much as possible of it in the limited time we had to stay. For a hundred yards along the shore were any number of the queerest little conveyances called calashes. They are two-wheeled contrivances set way up in the air, and on a huge spring, resembling the Dolan, only about three times as high. To crown all this superfluity is a top-heavy cover that might have come out of the ark, from its antiquated style and appearance. There is a back seat for the passenger in this vehicle, and a tiny covered rim for the driver. The constant feeling is that the Jehu will be pulled unmercifully, and you will be hauled all during the ride you can't discern the illumination for every time the wheels go into a rut or over any slight obstacle the driver sways, and involuntary out go both hands to keep him in place, and to save your own skins from holding up a burly Canadian driver. The situation was so novel and ridiculous we were in a constant state of laughter, and all had the side-ache when we got back to the steamer whether from an over-indulgence of hilarity or the extremely perilous attitude we had been obliged to assume we hardly dared say. Nevertheless, if we could choose our conveyance hereafter, we decided unanimously in favor of some other style than a Canadian calash.

Leaving Murray Bay we sailed many miles along a rugged shore; and where here and there were little villages, such as none of us had ever seen before. There was, apparently, but one street. The houses were all built along this road, and about an eighth of a mile apart. Back from every house and up on the hill was a piece of cultivated land in beautiful order, and no doubt the only means of making a living the people round about here have. It certainly did look queer to see two or three straight miles of village, and not a single house built out of line to mar the regularity—each one's backyard was on the hillside, and each one looked so neat and clean. Just before we landed at RIVIERE DU LOUP.

Which is on the south side of the St. Lawrence, and immediately opposite Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay. Riviere du Loup is also on the line of the Intercolonial Railroad. Crossing from here to Tadoussac we arrived at the fish-hatchery. Again we all went ashore to inspect this industry. It was almost too late to see much of anything, but we were treated to a very good object lesson by a gentleman who understood the business.

Night was now upon us and we retired to the cabin, where the evening was whiled away at whist, music and other enjoyments. All these river steamers have pianos and card-tables, so we can easily find some kind of amusement. The next morning was Sunday (this morning) and we reached Ha-Ha Bay at 5:30 and remained over until half-past ten. This little Catholic settlement is on a bay just off the river. Tradition has it that some sailors after venturing far out to sea, to land on the rocky shore, were all lost. Hence the village took its name, and Ha-Ha Bay it has been ever since.

Here is a fine church, and we all went to morning service. On board were a large number of priests from Quebec. Les Ebolements, Murray Bay, and from all along the line in fact, and they all alighted here and went to mass in the chapel. These priests were all en route to Chicoutimi, to what is called a retreat. They were a most intelligent and interesting set of men, and so well informed that it was a great pleasure to hear them talk. We had ample time inspect

HA HA BAY.

And to walk to the hotel on the summit of a hill, from which place we obtained a magnificent view of the surrounding country. A fishing club, composed of members from all over Canada and the States, congregate here during the summer and slaughter the finny tribe. Nearly all the houses are built of timber hewn by hand, and the irregularity of the outside finish gives an odd appearance to the dwellings, yet some of them are very pretty. It is a noticeable fact here that all the roofs curve out like a French cocked hat. Why or wherefore, I do not know, and could not seem to find out the reason for such a queer curve. It gives all the villages a quaint, picturesque sort of look that we rather admired. Having taken on the freight our funny little Captain decided to move on to Chicoutimi, having forgotten that many of his passengers were out strolling or driving. Anyway, we were soon on our way, and as we heard such a yelling and shouting, and with the distance, coming down the hill at a breakneck speed, was a two-seated buckboard in which were four excited people. The Captain was a Frenchman, and he gave vent to a few expletives, such as only the French can conscientiously indigne in, and ordered the steamer back to the wharf. After a few high words the would-be Admiral was considerably worsted, for he had left ahead of time. Peace restored we continued on our way to Chicoutimi, at the head of the Saguenay river, or rather as far as the river is navigable, so they designate this place as the head of the stream. Here all the priests left us and went up to the Bishop's Palace on the hill.

ICE NEVER KNOWN.

Old Billy B. was a plumb man, And heaven was his goal; For being a very saving man, He had a good deal to do. But even in this, he used to say, "One can't too careful be." And he sang with a fervent unassumed, And a joyful heart, a free life. But the "means of grace" he had to own, Required good, hard-earned gold; And he took ten cents, as well became The richest of the rascals, the preacher cried, "Our Christian Brother B." And Billy smiled he sublet nine, And got his own few pence.

In class, the next, old Billy told ye, brotherin, that I felt fine, And though I'm still, the bankthen burst. And flooded all my mush. But the Lord was merciful to me, And when I right through the rift, That's the last I had in the river banks A lumber-raft adrift.

Plenty o' boards were there for the barn, And on top was a cheese,

And a big o' pork as sound and sweet.

And you can see the cheese and pork.

Then I had bread and meat for the men,

And they worked with a will.

When I lost that raft and load?"

And Billy wiped his eyes and said:

"Bretherin, I never knowed."

CHICOUTIMI.

Is over 200 years old, and the first Bishop was named Racine—or I am not so sure about that either. At any rate, he had much to do in establishing a bishopric. This diocese comprises about 5,000 souls. This is a great number of souls, and that is the chief business of the region, and that is a great deal of butter is made throughout this district and sent to various parts of Canada. At Chicoutimi there is a fine new church in process of erection, a convent, hospital, bishop's palace and quite a number of good buildings. This is entirely and unquestionably a Catholic community. In fact, it is the prevailing religion in the Maritime Provinces. Now we turn around and descend the Saguenay by daylight. We do not touch at Ha Ha Bay on the way back. The tide influences the course of streams here, and the tide being favorable we touched there on the way up. We take a straight course now and the wild, high bluffs makes the trip a fine and interesting one. The water is so deep it actually looks like ink. Along in the afternoon we came to Points Trinity and Eternity or Capet, I believe they are called. They are 1,800 and 1,900 feet high, respectively. The boat goes near the shore as possible, and to look up at those mammoth cliffs is surely a sight.

GRAND AND SOUL-INSPIRING.

The magnificence is wonderful. The height is so great there is a feeling that the rock is leaning and will tumble down. The sensation is a queer one; fascinating in the extreme. The wildness and weirdness of it is awe-inspiring, and you realize the powerful handiwork of the Creator. "Grand, gloomy and peculiar"—such were my thoughts—majestic and picturesque. In my wanderings I have seen nothing to equal this spot the Saguenay. For that sight you feel repelled for the long time.

How impossible it is to measure

distances, a bucketful of stones were brought on deck and all the gentlemen attempted to hit the rock. To us it seemed as though we were not many yards away from the cliff, yet our gentlemen found it next to impossible to strike the bluff; stones invariably fell in the water. Just around the turn from this royal mass of rock is Echo Lake. The steamer blows her whistle and a most distinct echo is returned. The little Captain seemed to enjoy this part of the performance, for he kept it up until we were all about deaf. All along now until night the scenery is lovely. Back we come by the little fishing villages, the lighthouse stations and all the queer little places that line this and the St. Lawrence river. In the latter water is the only place I have seen movable light houses. I could not imagine what they were at first. They are set into a kind of boat, and as you pass by, they are all looking out. I do not know the proprietors of these aquatic residences their places of abode, for they must be very unsubstantial in rough weather. "The shades of night are falling fast," we are

A HAPPY FAMILY

In the cabin. The night air is very cold, and we cannot sit outside. There is not enough moon to count, so we are all cosy fixed inside. The cabin is cheerful and warm. Some are reading, some talking and laughing. Some are sleeping, and for a minute or two think we are in Bory's poetical country. True, the Saguenay is not in our own United States, but it is a river of America, and while we have Yosemité and Watkins' Glen, N. Y., the picturesque Hudson and dozens of other lovely sights, we can afford to be magnanimous and allow our Canadian cousins the broad St. Lawrence, a share in Niagara and the majestic cliffs of the beautiful Saguenay. We are here, in the cabin, the night air is very cold, and we cannot sit outside. There is not enough moon to count, so we are all cosy fixed inside. The cabin is cheerful and warm. Some are reading, some talking and laughing. Some are sleeping, and for a minute or two think we are in Bory's poetical country. True, the Saguenay is not in our own United States, but it is a river of America, and while we have Yosemité and Watkins' Glen, N. Y., the picturesque Hudson and dozens of other lovely sights, we can afford to be magnanimous and allow our Canadian cousins the broad St. Lawrence, a share in Niagara and the majestic cliffs of the beautiful Saguenay.

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coming to Sacramento.

Weather Forecasts for To-day.

California—Fair weather; western winds
stationary temperature.Oregon and Washington—Fair weather;
northerly winds; slightly warmer.

THE RESULT OF THE "BOOM"

The petitions of the representatives of
Southern California to the State Board of
Equalization, preach powerful sermons
against the "boom"; lessons of more force,
directness, and with greater power of con-
viction, than all other arguments possible
to the wit or language of man.We are not disposed to exult over our
fellow-citizens of the south, nor to re-
proach them in the least. We disavow
any intention to do so; but there is a
lesson in the confessed collapse of the
southern boom that must not be lost by
failure to refer to it. While the people of
the central and northern sections would
be justified in visiting reprobation upon
their southern neighbors, they are not dis-
posed to do so. What is to be said is uttered
only for the value of the lesson of the
truth concerning the southern boom.The time is not dated far in the past
when the slightest suggestion, the kindest
warning on the part of Central and Northern
California to our friends south of the
Tehachapi range, that they were pursuing
an unwise and dangerous policy in foster-
ing the boom, drew upon the central and
northern sections unlimited abuse, and
unbounded, not to say sordid, vituperation
from the press and the people of the
south. It was impossible in all that event-
ful period of unhealthy activity and an
inflamed commercial condition, to reason
with our neighbors. On the contrary, they
were not content with their own pros-
perity, but industriously assailed with de-
truction and misrepresentation those other
parts of the State that did not run riot in
the revel of an unwholesome financial and
realty excitement. They insisted to the
stranger that the center and north were
Arctic in character, false in representation
of productive capacity, and deceitful in
regard to the claims made for a healthful
and desirable immigration. Fortunately
for the people of the northern counties,
they were enabled through some seasons of
unjust assault to maintain their equani-
mity and refrain from returning evil for
evil. Reliant upon the eventual triumph
of the truth, and trusting to the substan-
tiality of the resources and capacities of
the unboomed sections of the State, they
waited, and with the result that always
follows such waiting.We have—here and there a sporadic
instance—indulged in no boom; our values
have not been inflated, nor our plains and
hills laid out for impossible cities and ab-
surd towns. We have not constructed
monster hotels, nor paved houseless areas
with walkways of cement and highways of
stone; we have not invited us to those who
had speculation simply in view, nor
sought to have the non-produce dwell
with us. We have trusted to the natural
capacity and the resources of the country
to vindicate our claims, and to legitimate
industries and substantial production to
maintain us. As a result, real estate
values throughout Northern California
have appreciated; the numerical growth
of population has been steady, healthful
and encouraging; the assaults of pests of
fruit and vine have not prostrated us, be-
cause we were able to lean upon our varied
industries, not all of which are likely at
any one time to suffer reverses. We are
more populous, richer, stronger and better
content in the north to-day than yester-
day, and were yesterday of greater content
than the day before.It is not the intention to catalogue the
ills that have followed the collapse of the
southern boom, nor even to quote the sworn
and deplorable statements of decline recited
by the representatives of the south before
the State Board of Equalization. The fact
is generally known, that the bottom has
fallen out of inflation, that the reaction
inevitably following a commercial carouse
has set in, and that sober second thought
has convinced our friends of the south of
the uneconomic and unstable character of
"the boom." We entertain the profoundest
sympathy for the people of the south, and
have for them and their favored sec-
tion far greater hope and more faith
in their future than they themselves ap-
pear to entertain. There is nothing to
hope for from the dead "boom;" there is
everything to expect from patient industry,
a genial climate, natural capacity, and the
energy and courage of a brave people.Because Southern California has suffered
the retrogression inevitable to her earlyfolly, is it no sense indicative of inability
to survive the disaster. On the contrary,
Southern California under unexcited pro-
gression, slow and natural growth, and
the steady development of its resources,
has before it a future of the fairest, and
promise of the brightest.While we deplore the ills that
have befallen our neighbors and have faith
in their ability to weather disaster, we are
not insensible to the fact that they have
not suffered alone. Their folly has to a
considerable extent been felt in sections
innocent of the unwise. The collapse of
the southern boom has not stopped, but it
has retarded development with us and
"slowed" the wheels of progress through-
out the entire State. It has not pre-
vented the central and northern sections from
prospering and advancing in wealth
population, production and industry; but
it has not divided California and entailed the
burdens of an independent State upon the
south at a time when it is incapable of as-
suming the responsibility; but it has in-
jured us. It has checked immigration, it
has alarmed the East; it has made the
stranger unduly cautious of investment; it
has cultivated abroad a feeling of distrust con-
cerning California, and has made the name
of the State all but synonymous with terms
of dishonesty and rascally speculation.We have suffered a full share of the re-
sult of southern recklessness, but nevertheless
sincerely condole with our friends who
have suffered infinitely so much more,
though conscious of the fact that this
is one of the cases where the ob-
jects of commiseration are very likely to
exclaim: "Curse your sympathy, that is
the very least of our needs."

NO "BOSS" WANTED.

Republicans do not need a "boss." Ignor-
ance must be directed, but intelligence is
always able to direct itself. Organization
in political activity is absolutely nec-
essary; it is requisite in order to prevent
frauds at the ballot-box, to prevent corrupt
men from casting illegal votes and from
counting them out fraudulently; but or-
ganization is not necessary to cast the vote
of the intelligent man, for the intelligent
man does not need to be a member of a club
in order to cast his vote. Let any one ask
himself whether or not his mem-
bership in a club has any influence upon
his judgment as to the right principles in
government, and he will at once see that
organization is useful only as creating en-
thusiasm where there is absence of con-
viction. Wherever there are convictions
of right and duty, it is not organization
that has created them, but in the absence
of well defined opinions organization and
the parade, the demonstration and the
torch-light procession will secure ad-
vantages, because these are substitutes for con-
viction.The Republican party embraces the in-
telligence of this country, and hence does
not need to be led, or controlled, or directed
in its action; but ignorance does forever
need just such tutelage. It looks up to the
leader; it knows nothing that the leader
does not tell it; it accepts and receives
nothing that is not handed down from a
leadership; but men of independent
thought are not influenced in that way.
There never was any necessity for a "boss"
in this State, if perhaps we accept San
Francisco. Local politics in that city may be
done to carry over to it in a margin of ignor-
ance which would go to the other side, but
for the venal uses of the "boss." The
"bosses" worked with the verbal element
of society, and directed and controlled it,
they furnished it money, they divided its
spoils with it. Now men who look about
to convert their elective franchise into a
pecuniary advantage of some kind invari-
ably seek for a "boss." But that condition
can prevail only in large cities. It is assumed that there
are 7,000 votes in San Francisco in-
fluenced by men who belong to the
criminal elements of society; ex-convicts;
men who make their living by unlawful
means; "lovers" of bad women, and keep-
ers of dens of infamy; the willfully un-
employed and the vagrant classes of so-
ciety. When election day comes they all
have something to sell, and will naturally
seek a market for their wares. If there is
a shop open anywhere where such votes
are purchased they will carry their com-
modity to that shop. In State politics it
plays a very small part, unless parties are
evenly balanced, the work of the "boss"
being to distribute spoils, divide salaries,
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WHAT CAME OF A HOLIDAY.

CHAPTER I.—A BROKEN LEG.

John Fordham is standing at the window of a poor but neat cottage room, in the pretty seaside village of Yarley, gloomily stroking his brown beard and looking at the fading light over the sea.

"We have been going down hill for so long," he says presently to his wife, who sits at a table near, busied in renovating some old straw hats for the children to wear to-morrow on a picnic expedition in which they have all—father and mother and all—been invited to take part by some kind neighbors.

A pause, and then John Fordham adds:

"And I don't see how we are ever to get up again. I don't care about taking a holiday to-morrow, either; and I wish you would agree to leave me home, Dorothy."

"Nonsense, John!" returns little Mrs. Fordham cheerily; she is almost always bright and good-natured. "The children would not like that, neither should I. Let me think, though, how our health and strength, so that we can get out of sight for a while, and go off and enjoy ourselves like other people for once" industriously sponging away at some soiled ribbon as she speaks. "One or the other of us might have been laid up," she goes on; "and how much worse that would have been than anything we have had to put up with yet. Cheep up, dear. A good heart beats bad luck!" We have only to go on, doing whatever lies before us, and leaving all the rest to Omo who knows better than we do, and the way will be sure to open."

Here the four children, two boys and two girls, run in from their play in the quiet country roadway.

"Oh, mother, have you finished our hats? asks the eldest of the girls, curly-headed little maid of eight, while Dorrie, the youngest, takes up the sponge which her mother has just finished using, and next casts her glance over the table in search of a stray bit of ribbon.

"Not quite. Dorrie, put down the sponge and find my large scissors, there's a good child! And, Hilda, thread a needle with white cotton for me. Boys, have you cleaned your boots?"

"Yes, mother."

"And brushed your clothes?"

"Yes mother. Oh, look Johnnie!" peering delightedly through a home-made kaleidoscope (their latest toy), and then getting it out to his little brother.

"It's all roses, red and yellow—like sun shine! And green, and blue, and purple. Oh, isn't it pretty! And you're only got to keep turning it, and turning it."

But before little Alfred had got so far John Fordham, the elder, had looked down at his own boots, and bethought himself also of his own clothes.

As he goes into the little back yard, brushes, etc., in hand, he sighs heavily. Once the kaleidoscope of his life had been blue, and roses, and gold; but the gay and hopeful colors have all vanished long since, and in these days he can only see a dull gray, with a hovering blackness of doubt and dread on every hand.

By trade he is a cork-cutter. Once he had a shop of his own in the adjacent town of Eastbridge, and had been doing well. But the demand for corks had fallen off by degrees, for glass-stoppers, etc., had come to be used instead; and, at length, after months and even years of anxiety and suspense, he had failed.

Removing from Eastbridge, he had come to live in Yarley for cheapness, feeling himself a broken and ruined man. His wife had taken in washing, and he had got a little painting, or something else of the kind to do every now and then; and so they had gone on from day to day until now.

However, as he—not very energetically at first, but, as he grew bolder, he tried to shake off his depression, he did not fail to cloud the enjoyment of others by his own dejection, and he determined that he would do as his wife had said, namely, go to the picnic to-morrow, and forget in its little gleam of brightness, that there was nothing but gloom beyond.

The morning came, clear and cloudless. They all set off in good time in a roomy covered van, with hampers packed with provisions, and plenty of wraps, cloaks and umbrellas, etc., in case of a change of weather before night. In short, their kind friends, the Wynnes, had taken care of everything, and they had nothing to do but enjoy themselves.

How beautiful the country lanes were in their fresh summer greenness, how exhilarating was the cool, pure, moist air, and how glorious the June sun shone down on the flowering hedgerows!

John Fordham was just beginning to cast off his despondency, when—snap went something! A trap! At the same moment the van began to go down hill—the horse kicked out violently—poor John Fordham was thrown out into the road, and it was very evident that his leg was broken.

All was confusion in an instant. The children were screaming with terror, and the mothers almost fainting. Three men who had been passing ran up, and gave all the assistance they could, and a very little later came the poor John Fordham being wheeled away on a truck to the nearest railway station, in order to be taken to Eastbridge hospital.

And the remainder of the sorrowful party returned to their several homes.

CHAPTER II.—A NEW FRIEND.

Three weary months had passed. Autumns brown and yellows decked the country, and gaudy, decked the field pathway in which the fair little Fordham were at play, while their mother stood at an open window above putting on her bonnet. She was intending to snatch time from her hard work to go and see her husband, who had not yet left the hospital. His leg had been very badly broken, and had only quite lately begun to mend.

Friends had been very kind, and had got up small subscriptions among themselves, which had been of material use. But there were no rich people living near, and, for the most part, poor Mrs. Fordham had had to get as best she could.

As she was about to close the window she called to the group below:

"Oh, good children while I am gone; and you will come to see me early, and start to meet me directly after. And don't forget to look the door before you come down, as you did last time."

Once away from the house, and fairly started on the lonely road along by the beach, Mrs. Fordham felt her tears beginning to come. Her children were not near now to ask, "What is the matter, mother?" No one was near, no one saw her, save the Great Father above, who could and who would help her when the right time came; she felt sure of that, amid all her trouble.

She soon dried her eyes, for John must not see that she had been crying, and walked on, her heart full, half-absently, half-deliriously, the few low-set pink and yellow poppies that were scattered on the one hand, and the dandelions and seedlings that grew on the other, when suddenly she became aware that a young woman was approaching, and then, almost immediately, a voice said:

"Why, Dorothy, I was coming to see you!"

"Were you, dear? Well, why not, I shall be back quite early. I am going to the hospital to see poor John. I expect we shall soon have him at home again now." And in her heart the poor little woman added: "Though what we shall do then I don't know. The children will warn him to death, poor fellow! And how I shall be able to get him half the nice and strengthening things he ought to have, I can't imagine!"

But she had observed by this time that her young cousin—who had frequently been to see her before, and whose home was five or six miles beyond Eastbridge—had eyes as tearful as her own; and, after they had talked for a minute or two, she (Mrs. Fordham) said suddenly—

"I hope the time is nothing the matter. Fanny? and that you, and?"

But Fanny Gay, the young—only eighteen—and unused to trouble; and, at her cousin's first words, she dropped down among the sea-pinks and the poppies, and began to cry bitterly. "Oh," she exclaimed, as soon as she could get her voice again, "poor Arthur is so ill! They don't think he'll get over it! And you know we were to have been married in a week. Everything was ready—and—and—"

"With a fresh burst of bitter grief, "now perhaps I shall never see him again! And he is so far away—and they won't let me go to him!"

Mrs. Fordham sat down with her, by the lonely roadside, and tried to comfort her; and presently she dried her tears and told why she had been going to Yarley.

"Mother and I don't feel helping dull and lonely and miserable," she said, the tears running over again, "and we thought that we might have Hilda and Dorrie for a while, if you liked. Father is in good work, and—"

"Oh," interrupted Mrs. Fordham, "how kind! But I am afraid that they are hardly respectable enough to go anywhere. I have no time for sewing, and—"

"Oh, never mind that!" broke in Fanny in her turn. "It will be something for me to do, and that is just what I want!"

A little further conversation ensued, and then the two parted for the present; Fanny going on to Yarley, and Mrs. Fordham walking on, gazing once more in the direction of Eastbridge.

She arrived at the hospital, and sat by her husband's bed. He was to be allowed to sit up on the following day, he told her; but he did not tell her happily or hope fully.

"And you will have me home in a week or two, I expect," he went on the next moment; "and more of a trouble to you than ever, poor little wife! I don't suppose that I shall ever be of much use again."

"Don't say that, John," laying her hand affectionately upon his. "We'll get along somehow, never fear."

At this instant a man in the nearest bed—an elderly man, with a withered and frowning face—exclaimed aloud, in a doleful voice:

"Dear! dear! what a world it is! Ups and downs, ups and downs! Nothing but ups and downs!"

He was a stranger to Mrs. Fordham, having been brought in since her last visit. He kept a thriving coffee tavern in busy London, she was informed, and, coming down to Eastbridge to collect some old debts, and on a visit of private business to a lawyer besides, he had met with an accident from a passing cab, receiving internal injuries, from which, it was feared, he could not recover.

"And I was getting on so well," he said to Mrs. Fordham, as he fixed his piercing gray eyes upon her. "And in a year or so I should have been able to retire—in fact, it was the very thing I wanted to talk to Lawyer Seale about. But now there is nobody but my housekeeper to look after me; and she hates the business, and very soon drive all the customers away. Oh dear! oh dear! To think that I should have slaved all my life, as I have, to be ruined at the end of it by a thrifless woman!"

Here the conversation was cut short, for more visitors arrived, and two of them made their way to John Fordham's bed-side. For John was both liked and respected in Yarley, and one friend or another generally divided the time his wife had to spend with him.

On her way home Mrs. Fordham was met by Fanny and the children. The two little girls were delighted at the idea of going with their cousin, who helped their mother pack their things, and departed, with a child by each hand, on the following afternoon.

"Good, good, Fanny!" Mrs. Fordham had said. "Don't grieve. It's first joy, and then sorrow, and then joy again! And there's more sunshine than clouds in our lives, after all. Your Arthur will soon get well again—as I cannot help thinking—and you will be as happy as the days are long."

A fortnight passed. John Fordham was at home once more. The first small pleasures and excitement were over, and he had relapsed into dullness and depression, as his wife had feared that he would.

It was a gloomy autumn morning. The two boys had gone to school, and his wife, after giving him his breakfast, wished to return to her washing; but he kept saying: "Don't run away from me so, Dorothy! I shall never get well if I am to be left so much to myself."

She did not know how to spare the time; nevertheless, she sat by him until, by-and-by, he fell into a light doze, when she stole silently from the room.

As she reached the little passage, she saw from the open door the postman approaching. He gave her one letter. It was for her husband. Who had written to her just now?

It proved to be from their new friend, Albert Weldon, by name, the elderly patient who had still lain in the neighboring bed at the hospital on John Fordham's removal. And thus the missive ran:

"Come and see me. I have no one to talk to. A few visitors arrived, and two of them made their way to John Fordham's bed-side. For John was both liked and respected in Yarley, and one friend or another generally divided the time his wife had to spend with him.

On her way home Mrs. Fordham was met by Fanny and the children. The two little girls were delighted at the idea of going with their cousin, who helped their mother pack their things, and departed, with a child by each hand, on the following afternoon.

"Good, good, Fanny!" Mrs. Fordham had said. "Don't grieve. It's first joy, and then sorrow, and then joy again! And there's more sunshine than clouds in our lives, after all. Your Arthur will soon get well again—as I cannot help thinking—and you will be as happy as the days are long."

A fortnight passed. John Fordham was at home once more. The first small pleasures and excitement were over, and he had relapsed into dullness and depression, as his wife had feared that he would.

It proved to be from their new friend, Albert Weldon, by name, the elderly patient who had still lain in the neighboring bed at the hospital on John Fordham's removal. And thus the missive ran:

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